

## My Son's Big Day Part 1



"Dad we cant do this anymore," he said as I grazed my hands up his backside that was tightly packed inside his dress pants.

"Oh come on your brother is all horned up from seeing you parade around the church in those tight slacks," I said as I aggressively grappled my own son's ass cheek. Today was his big day. He was finally moving out of the family house and in with his bitch of a wife Ashley. It had always been the three of us; myself, my older son Brian, and my younger son Matthew or Mattie as we had always called him. Since their mother passed away 13 years ago Mattie really took on a much more.....necessary role in the household. He would be the one who cleaned the house, do the laundry, as well as complete his other wifely duties.

It all started one night when I came home drunk, mourning my dead wife many months after her passing, and Mattie was passed out on the couch. He round perky ass up in the air. He had his mothers ass. The way the stretched out his boxers. The way the boxers rode up in between his juicy ass. I was drawn to those cheeks. As he laid sleeping. I grasped the cheeks. Squeezing them together. Leaning close and smelling the intense smell of his boy butt. I couldn't help myself in my drunk state. I pulled my dick out and begin to beat it as I continued to smell my son's ass. I couldn't help it any longer. I pulled his boxers down and revealed the most perfect ass. I lubed up my dick with my spit and slide my dick between my sons cheeks. Not penetrating him. Just rubbing between him. I pumped between his cheeks for what seemed like hours. With the repeated thrusting my son Mattie had awoken, but his reaction was very different than what I had assumed. He began to push his ass against my dick. Pushing back against my big broad body. Squeezing his gluteus massing my dick until the moment came where I shot al down his back.

Then over the coming weeks we continued to mess around, until the day came when I finally fucked my son. My other son Brian actually walked in on our first time. He was shocked, but from the boner he was trying to hide in his pants that day. He was obviously interested in joining. Then Mattie's first time being penetrated wasn't just from his father, but also his big brother.

Over the years we had became as close as thieves. I was their coach in every sport they played. I made sure that every practice was long and hard for Mattie and Brian. Turns out that Mattie was a catcher, while Brian was solely a pitcher. Better to have two pitches in the games that we played instead of two catches.

The day came when my son met Ashley, the bitch who was designed to ruin the amazing life the three of us lived together. They dated. She tried to have Mattie move out but that was not going to happen. I wasn't going to allow the little bitch take my son from me. But she got her claws in him, and she even twisted him into popping the question to her. He said he was happy, but I saw the way he

looked at her. It was a look of longing and destained. He didn't want her. He wanted what she represented. Mattie wanted a normal life. He wanted kids and a family. But that was not what he desired. He desired to have his brothers thick cock in one end and mine in the other. He wanted to ride my dick well into the evening and fall asleep with it still inside of him. Then to wake up and find that one of us had began while he was sleeping. He had told us that what we all had was no more. That it had to stop. That he was getting married and he was moving on.

Brian and I did not agree with what he was choosing, and we were both here on his big day to show him that he was not in any position to make decisions.